

# CORRESPONDENT WITH GERMAN ARMY WALKS AMID BULLETS IN BATTLE

By Jacques Obels.  
Correspondent of the Chicago Daily News.  
Antwerp, Belgium.—I have just reached Antwerp after an absence of 20 days, 17 of which I passed as a prisoner in the hands of the Germans in Flanders. I find scattered patches of this city either knocked down by shells or burned, but it is impossible at the moment to estimate the damage. The town is dead, the total Belgian population amounting only to about five hundred. However, refugees are returning slowly, the trains which are bringing them arriving intermittently from Holland. The Germans are running a service of motor cars from Brussels to Antwerp and I came here on one of these cars.

**See Malines Bombardment.**  
My experiences since leaving Ghent include, besides imprisonment, walking with half a dozen other civilians before a column of German infantry advancing against the Belgians in the streets of Malines, while the bullets whistled about us and while shells from the Kaiser's heavy artillery screamed overhead and boomed against Fort Waelhem. I was an eyewitness of the bombardment of Malines, the details of which I will give as my story progresses.

On riding out from Antwerp on a bicycle 20 days ago as the battle on the plain was beginning I heard the heaviest firing in the direction of Malines. I asked a responsible Belgian commander if it would be safe for me to go to Malines. "Yes," said he, "for we shall hold the town at least until tonight."

**Runs Into German Army.**  
Thereupon I rode rapidly toward Malines, around which thundered heavy guns. Entering the town with the full assurance that it was held by Belgians, I suddenly found myself face to face with a column of German infantry keeping close to one side of a street on the other side of which shell fire was bringing down quantities of brick and stone. This shell fire proceeded from the Belgian guns at Fort Waelhem. At the other end of the town I saw the last of the remnants of Belgian infantry backing stubbornly out of the bullet-swept streets.

**Rides on His Wheel to Front.**  
But I must return to the beginning of my story. Every day, beginning with September 11, I rode on my bicycle from Antwerp to the fighting front, which extended in a wide semi-circle well beyond the outer ring of forts. On the 11th, 12th and 13th the Belgians fought a series of battles so determined and brilliant that the Germans are still talking admiringly of them. Then they were driven within the outer forts and the Germans began immediately to prepare positions for their great guns by leveling the ground and building concrete platforms. Saturday, September 25, the Belgians made a desperate sortie for the purpose of blowing up the German intrenchments and concrete emplacements.

They persisted in this attempt all day Saturday and Sunday night, but early Sunday morning I found them in full retreat. I reached the foremost trenches, where the final stand was made prior to the return within the forts. The Belgians had fallen back from Buggenhout and were making their stand along the high road to Malines and Termonde. Their trenches were hastily dug and manned and machine guns were hurried into position. The Germans hidden in the wood opened a heavy rifle fire and this was so hot that the Belgians launched a cavalry movement to clear the wood.

**See Marvelous Marksmanship.**  
When the cavalry had covered about half the distance I witnessed a marvelous feat of marksmanship by the Germans. Their artillery was in position about two and a quarter miles behind their advance troops. The Belgian charge having been signaled, the German artillerists fired one shell, which dropped in the very midst of the Belgian horsemen, killing and wounding many and sending the others into headlong flight for shelter. Afterward the Germans came quickly upon us with their bayonets, charging recklessly through our rifle fire. So many were there that we were forced to flee for our lives.

**Witnesses Artillery Duel.**  
The next day, Monday, September 23, I went to Wildebroek. An artillery duel raged along the whole length of the line and the incessant scream of the shells deafened one and made one's head ache.  
Pushing on to Malines, I fell into the hands of the Germans, as previously told. They ordered me to take my place with other civilians at the head of a column of infantry. I pointed to the American flag about my arm with letters in gilt. "It is no use," said the officer in command.  
I took my place in front of the soldiers and advanced at the word of

command. The Belgian soldiers were about three hundred yards ahead, backing out of town, as I said, and firing as they retired.  
Relentlessly pressed, the Belgians moved out of town, crossed the bridge over the River Dyle and marched about eight hundred yards down the river, where they hastily took a position.

**Hides on a Prison Porch.**  
I saw several fires started by Belgian shells and I passed the famous cathedral of St. Rombold, which had been badly damaged. We crossed several bridges, the Belgians firing on us at right angles from down the river. On the bridge the Germans advanced as fast as they could run, making us keep ahead of them. On the last bridge I crossed I found myself alone with a German officer. He inspected my flag, heard my story and told me to take refuge in the porch of the prison, which stood close by, and wait until the general came up.  
Whole columns kept on coming, all crossing the bridge at a run in groups of 20. After them came light naval guns drawn by marines. The general staff followed soon after and also took shelter behind the prison. Apparently, the Belgian artillery had been warned of this fact, for their shells began to burst near the prison.  
Several wounded soldiers were brought into the office and I marveled at their fortitude.  
I also was surprised to see the German officers expose themselves with absolute disregard of their lives. During all the street fighting they were always among their men, commanding them to take shelter near the walls or behind projecting corners. I saw the soldiers doing this while the officers themselves were walking right in the middle of the road. The officer with whom I crossed the last bridge chatted with me, utterly indifferent to the fact that bullets were flying about us and flattening themselves against the iron work of the bridge.

**Given Staff Officer Guard.**  
I interviewed Admiral von Schroeder, commanding the marine division. He was a hearty old sea dog, smoking a short German pipe and dressed like a yachtsman. He told me that I might return to Antwerp and tell the Belgians there that he would be with them in a couple of weeks.  
"You also may wire London," said the admiral, "that I will be there in a couple of months." As I had had enough of marching toward Antwerp at the head of an attacking column, I begged the admiral to let me go to Brussels.

"Granted," said the admiral. "Not only this, but two staff officers will take you in their motor car."  
They did so, treating me with the greatest cordiality. The country presented a shocking aspect. Every village church and farm building had been burned to the ground, all going down before the tide of fire. The fields were desolate and the inhabitants had fled. As we passed a village called Hopstade I saw four 46-centimeter (18.1-inch) guns being put into position. I knew then that Antwerp as a fortress was doomed.  
Charged with Being Spy.  
On my arrival in Brussels the Germans' consideration for me came to an end abruptly for the time being. I was sent to the war office building, the upper rooms in which had been converted into a prison. Here I was brought before a judge and subjected to a drastic search and cross-examination. The detectives found some good war maps, with penciled indications of the position of the German artillery, notes I had taken for myself, and also a camera with undeveloped films of military pictures that I had taken in the course of my journeyings within both the German and the Belgian lines.  
On this evidence I was charged with being a spy, in spite of the abundant proof of my position as a correspondent. The judge bluntly told me that I might be shot the next morning, and this suggestion was promptly made to the commanding general, who summoned me to appear before him. Again I stated my case. Unlike the judge, the general seemed more anxious to do justice than to shoot alleged spies.  
**Held Until Antwerp Falls.**  
"You have important information about our dispositions before Antwerp," said he. "This information you gained by passing through forbidden territory, and I see that you noted down the position of our heavy artillery. You must remain under guard here until Antwerp is in our hands; then you may go free."  
I cannot say how I rejoiced when the day of my release dawned nor how sorrowful I felt for my fellow-prisoners I left behind. As soon as Antwerp fell the Germans set about repairing the roads between that city and Brussels.

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After dinner the count was given a horse and a French soldier was detailed to escort him back to the English lines. Once mounted, Count Schwerin made a dash for liberty. A storm of revolver bullets failed to stop him. He regained the German line with military information of value.

# MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 years of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six years terribly. I tried several doctors but none seemed to give me any relief. Every month the pains were intense in both sides, and made me so weak that I had to go to bed. At last a friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I tried it at once and found much relief. After that I had no pains at all and could do my housework and shopping the same as always. For years I have praised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me, and shall always recommend it as a woman's friend. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way."—Mrs. THOMSON, 649 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

**Your Money Back if it fails**  
CRAFT'S DISTEMPER REMEDY  
Positively guaranteed to cure Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Pink Eye or money refunded. It will pay you to keep a bottle on hand as a preventive for these diseases grow serious if neglected.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS  
Your dealer has CRAFT'S or you can get it for yourself. 50c and \$1 sizes. Horse bottles. "DR. CRAFT'S REMEDY" area. Write for booklet. WELLS MEDICINE CO. 40 20 ST., LAFAYETTE, IND.

To cure constiveness the medicine must be more than a cathartic; it must contain tonic, alterative and cathartic properties.

**Tutt's Pills**  
possess these qualities, and speedily restore to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

**Not Particular.**  
A prisoner in one of the Irish police courts the other day was asked his occupation. He mentioned several callings that he followed from time to time.  
"And among other things," inquired the prosecuting lawyer, "do you pick pockets?"  
"No," he retorted; "I don't pick them; I just take them as they come."

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*.  
In Use For Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Self-Satisfaction Explained.**  
He—I like simple things best. She—I've noticed how self-satisfied you are.  
A widower never invests in a guitar or the purpose of serenading a spinster. He begins right where he left off at the end of his first courtship.  
Self-conceit is a good asset. A man can't hope to be popular with his friends unless he is popular with himself.  
The girl who is a good cook usually deserves a better husband than she gets.  
And many a poor man after winning a woman's hand finds himself under her thumb.  
When a man says he was driven to drink he always insinuates that some woman handled the ribbons.  
Many a harmless looking bottle contains a lot of fish stories.

**YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU**  
Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting, No Itching, No Pain. Write for Book of the Eye by Mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

It's easier to make a bad matter worse than it is to make a good matter better.  
Success always gets applause, but it doesn't always respond to an encore.  
After the second baby arrives a woman seldom changes the style of doing up her hair.

**Undesirable Lot.**  
He—Will you share my lot? She—No, I don't like the crop of wild oats on it.

**Pessimistic Opinion.**  
"The good die young."  
"Perhaps it is just as well. They'd starve to death later."

**Sure.**  
"All the world's a stage," quoted the sage.  
"Yes," replied the fool, "but it lacks an asbestos drop curtain."

# NOT SUCH DEADLY ENEMIES

"Bloody Chasm" That Separated Nationalists and Ulsterites Might Have Been Bridged.

As all the world knows, international war has proved a great conciliator in Ireland. As a contributor to the Ulsterman says, you cannot give much attention to the dismemberment of the empire when you are not certain whether you will have an empire to dismember.  
There is a gentility about the Nationalist volunteer that makes you know that he would rather fight some one else—Germany in this case—than Ulster. A few stories are current that help to show how very ripe Ireland was for conciliation. Not long ago a company of Nationalist volunteers, passing a company of Ulstermen, and being uncertain as to the customary etiquette between friendly enemies—saluted. In a northern district there was only one field suitable for drilling, and as the two opposition armies wanted it, the owner began bidding them against each other. Northern canniness asserted itself. The commanding officer of one battalion approached the enemy, and they agreed to rent the field in common, and use it on alternate days!

A third anecdote relates that while some Ulster volunteers were drilling a Nationalist was seen sitting on a fence watching them. When he was questioned by an Ulsterman he explained that his own company had mislaid their rifles and could not drill; "but," he added, "we were waiting to see if we could get the loan of yours when you've done with them."

**MODERN WAR IS MERCIFUL**  
Under Existing Conditions the Wounded Are Given a Fair Chance to Recover to Health.

A general impression is that with powerful weapons of great precision greater loss of life and greater pain are caused. The view is almost certainly inaccurate. The modern bullet, says the Scotsman, unless it is of the soft-nosed type, is on the whole merciful, and either kills outright or gives its victim a fair chance of recovery. It does not, as a rule, mutilate.

The ambulance corps was practically unknown 60 years ago, and not only is aid brought more rapidly to the wounded, but it is far more effective than in the pre-Lister days. Rapidity of conveyance has increased beyond all comparison. In the present war it is true to say that in many cases men have been lying in a British hospital within 24 hours of receiving their wounds. If the risk of being hit is greater, the chances of recovery from injury have been immensely increased.

**Money for Christmas.**  
Selling guaranteed wear-proof hosiery to friends & neighbors. Big Xmas business. Wear-Proof Mills, 3200 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

**Resonant Tum-Tums.**  
Little Madge had been listening to her mother reading from the paper. All was silent for some little time, and then Madge burst out laughing very suddenly.  
"Why, dearie," said the mother, "what is it?"  
"I was thinking of what you just read about the wild people in Africa, mother," replied the child.  
"But there was nothing amusing about that, dear."  
"Why, yes there was, mother," said Madge, "about their beating on their tum-tums till they could be heard for miles."—Everybody's Magazine.

**The Greatest Chasm.**  
The greatest chasm between the producer and the consumer is the mudhole.

I would not discourage foreign missionary work, but I am rather envious of the permanent highways that have been constructed in some of the countries to which we are sending Christian missionaries.—Homer T. Wade, secretary Texas Good Roads association.

**Expenses Cut Down.**  
We must admit that the cost of living is rather high," said the campaign adviser.  
"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "we must do something with the money. We can't buy votes with it any more."—Washington Star.

Lay something by for a rainy day, and just as soon as the clouds begin to gather some fellow will come along and borrow it.—New York Times.

**Black Leg.**  
The superiority of Cutler's products is due to over 13 years of searching in various and distant lands. The Cutler Laboratories, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

**Pettit's BEST FOR EYE**  
Salve  
PATENTS  
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best ser. rison.

**W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, Mo. 44-1914.**

# WINCHESTER

Self-Loading Shotgun  
12 GAUGE, 5 SHOTS

The recoil reloads this gun. You simply pull the trigger for each shot. This new gun is safe, strong and simple. It has all the good points of other recoil-operated shotguns, and many improvements besides. Among them are Nickel steel construction and a reloading system that requires no change for different loads.

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**Dead Soldier's Gift.**  
Among the contributions to Queen Mary of England's Work for Women fund received recently was an engagement ring which arrived by mail, accompanied by the following letter: "The boy who gave me this before he went away will never come back. He made me promise before he joined his regiment to give it away if anything happened to him. It's a hard wrench to do so, but I promised him to do so. I send it to you as his gift to the Queen's fund."

**NEARLY CRAZY WITH ECZEMA**  
354 Plum St., Youngstown, Ohio.—"Blotches like ringworms started to come out all over my face and neck. Later it took the form of white flakes and when I would rub they came off in little white scales. The eczema so disfigured me that I was ashamed to go out anywhere. It itched all the time and whenever I perspired or got my face the least bit wet, it would burn until I very nearly went crazy. The more I rubbed or scratched the more it spread and it made me so restless I could not sleep at night.  
"One day a friend prevailed upon me to get a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They caused the itching to stop instantly and in a very few days my face and neck began to show a marked improvement. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my face and neck are completely cured." (Signed) Newton D. W. Chapman, Feb. 27, 1914.

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**No Excuse.**  
Representative Bacon of Georgia was condemning in a Macon club the German general staff for its antiquated close formation in attack, a formation which costs the German army thousands of lives.

"Close formation," he said, "was excellent in Napoleon's day, but with our modern machine guns, shooting myriads of bullets a minute, it is a useless, it is a cruel waste of life."  
"But," said a German-American, "we've got so many men, you know, congressman—we've got so many, we can afford to—er—to lose—"  
"My friend," Mr. Bacon interrupted, "would you excuse your cook for serving you watery soup because there had been a rainy season?"

**Where England Leads.**  
England is ahead of the United States in the development of the automatic telephone service, and contracts for automatic exchanges of the total value of nearly five hundred thousand dollars have been placed.

A maid of twenty tries to act like a widow of forty, a widow of forty tries to act like a maid of twenty—and there you are.

**Boils Biliousness Malaria Constipation**  
Perhaps this case may be similar to yours  
J. Wesley Tilly of (Box 573,) Selma, Cal., writes: "Gentlemen:—It gives me much pleasure to be able to send you a testimonial, if by its reaching some sufferer your medicines will do as much for him as they have for me. At the age of fourteen I was troubled a great deal with malaria and biliousness, accompanied with the worst sort of large boils. I was persuaded by my parents, who have always been strong believers in Dr. Pierce's remedies, to try the Golden Medical Discovery. I took one bottle and the boils all disappeared, but I did not stop at one bottle. I took three and the malaria all left me and I have had no more boils to this day, thanks to the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for my relief.  
"Following an operation for appendicitis two years ago I was troubled very much with constipation and I have been trying Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills and they have rid me of the troublesome gas and have aided me in conquering the whole trouble, thanks again for the 'Pleasant' and for the advice I have obtained from The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." Send only 21 cents for this 128 page book.

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**GERMAN OFFICER POSES AS BRITON; SAVES LIFE**  
Berlin.—There has been given out here a story relating how Count Schwerin, a German officer, who speaks English fluently, was successful in obtaining information from the enemy which resulted in the winning of a battle by the Germans.

While reconnoitering beyond the French lines Count Schwerin was discovered by a French officer. He told

the Frenchman he was an English officer and asked directions to reach the English lines.

The French officer took the count to his mess and the Frenchmen entertained him at dinner.

After dinner the count was given a horse and a French soldier was detailed to escort him back to the English lines. Once mounted, Count Schwerin made a dash for liberty.

A storm of revolver bullets failed to stop him. He regained the German line with military information of value.

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It's the Fowling Gun Par Excellence

**Dead Soldier's Gift.**  
Among the contributions to Queen Mary of England's Work for Women fund received recently was an engagement ring which arrived by mail, accompanied by the following letter: "The boy who gave me this before he went away will never come back. He made me promise before he joined his regiment to give it away if anything happened to him. It's a hard wrench to do so, but I promised him to do so. I send it to you as his gift to the Queen's fund."

**NEARLY CRAZY WITH ECZEMA**  
354 Plum St., Youngstown, Ohio.—"Blotches like ringworms started to come out all over my face and neck. Later it took the form of white flakes and when I would rub they came off in little white scales. The eczema so disfigured me that I was ashamed to go out anywhere. It itched all the time and whenever I perspired or got my face the least bit wet, it would burn until I very nearly went crazy. The more I rubbed or scratched the more it spread and it made me so restless I could not sleep at night.  
"One day a friend prevailed upon me to get a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They caused the itching to stop instantly and in a very few days my face and neck began to show a marked improvement. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my face and neck are completely cured." (Signed) Newton D. W. Chapman, Feb. 27, 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

**No Excuse.**  
Representative Bacon of Georgia was condemning in a Macon club the German general staff